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COMING OF VAL.

"What will Caleb do when he finds the little note by his plate?" she murmured to herself. "Gone to the city" and her name was all she had written. "Will he be so vexed that he will not meet me at the station when the evening train arrives?" But she had not told him when she was coming back; yet he must know that she would not stay in the city over night. Somehow, the more she thought about it the less attractive the city, with its flower show, seemed. By the time the train reached the depot she was so heartily sick of having her freedom that had there been an opportunity for her to return home at once she would have done so.

Following the crowd, she entered the large building where the flowers were exhibited. At first the beauty and fragrance of the wonderful plants and blossoms overpowered her. The feathery chrysanthemums, the exquisite orchids, magnificent roses and snowy lilies—how beautiful they all were! How much more she would have enjoyed it if Caleb had been with her! The ladies, so finely dressed, with their gallant attendants, and the little children in their gay attire, seemed even to belong with the flowers.

Tired and weary at last with what was, for her, unusual excitement, Martha was awestruck to hear, as she left the building, the clocks striking the hour of five!

"What shall I do?" thought Martha, "only 15 minutes before the train leaves, and I shall not be able to get to the depot if I walk, and there is no room in the street cars, not even for 'one more!' I will call a cab and perhaps, if the driver hurries, I may be there in time."

But in spite of all her efforts, the train was leaving as she came in sight of the depot.

Tears of remorse and vexation filled her eyes, and for a few moments she was so disappointed that everything—even the buildings and the people in the streets—seemed in a whirl; but as her tired nerves recovered from the shock, she began to realize that something must be done, as it was already growing late.

Going to the telegraph office, she sent a message to her husband telling him she had missed the train and intended to walk home. She was very familiar with the way, and it was the time for the full moon; still she was rather timid about going alone, but she preferred that alternative to remaining in the city at a strange hotel. She had gone about a mile on her journey when she was overjoyed to hear a well-known voice say to her: "Mrs. Greene! is it possible that you are walking alone? Where is Caleb? He's not sick, I hope! Jump into my wagon and I will see you safe at your door."

As Mr. Joseph Bigelow offered his hand to help her, she could have sunk at his feet from fatigue and anxiety; thanking him, she told him she had missed the train and had thought the only way for her to get home was to walk.

"They say the posie show is a great thing," said Farmer Bigelow; "been to see it? I heard Caleb saying at the post office, last night, as to how he was a-hurryin' with his work so as to take you there to-morrow to celebrate somethin'—I didn't catch on just what—but I s'pose he changed his mind and let you go to-day."

"To-morrow, did you say?" asked Martha, very faintly.

"Yes, I'm sure he said it was a Thursday he spoke of, for he told Tom O'Brien he would let him have a day off, as he himself was going to take a holiday."

Every word the farmer spoke seemed like an arrow piercing her heart. What was to-morrow but her birthday! and while she had been thinking of Caleb as being thoughtless of her, he had been planning a surprise for her. As she reviewed her "day of liberty," how she hated herself for the utter foolishness and selfishness that she had shown! How worried and miserable she had made her husband! Would they never reach home that she might tell him she wanted no greater pleasure than to work and care for him?

After vainly trying to interest Martha in conversation, Joseph Bigelow gave up the attempt, thinking she must be asleep. The last two miles seemed endless, and when Martha saw the lights in the village she begged Mr. Bigelow to set her down at the foot of the lane leading to her house, as she was not afraid and it would take longer to go by the road. She thanked him again for his kindness, jumped from the wagon, leaving him to muse on "the peculiarities of most women."

Martha found the entry door open, and her husband bringing robes and shawls to put in the buggy, as the night was chilly after the sun had gone down. "Oh, Caleb!" she cried, and, sobbing as though her heart would break, she threw herself into his arms and told him her story.

"How could you be so thoughtless, dear," was what he said. "You made me very anxious, as you must know it was unsafe and venturesome for you to undertake the lonely walk home after nightfall. Thanks to Farmer Bigelow, you have reached home safely. I should have started at once to meet you after the message came, but one of the horses had to be shod and so I must wait."

Martha will not soon forgive herself for causing her good husband so much trouble, but she wisely thinks that only by her deeds can she convince him that she has no more any longing for a "day of liberty."—Good Housekeeping.

HER DAY OF LIBERTY.

BY LENA S. THOMPSON.

Mrs. Caleb Greene imagined herself a much-abused woman as she bustled about in her tidy kitchen one bright autumn morning. "I'm nothing but a household drudge—a drudge and nothing else! Who ever thinks I need a bit of pleasuring!" and here her thoughts wandered to what her neighbor, Mrs. Mallory, had said, and which was the real cause of her discontent. "You don't never go nowhere, do you, Mis' Greene? Why, if I couldn't go to the city every week, I should feel way out of the world. You can't keep in with the pervailing style if you don't see nobody but the village folks"—and then she told of the grand flower show in the great Casino, "where everybody as is anybody" went, and of the new cape and bonnet she had bought in town.

Though Mrs. Greene was as well off as her neighbor, she did her own housework, preferring to save in that way something for a rainy day, while Mrs. Mallory was considered by the village people a very shiftless woman, who delighted in airing her knowledge of city life, which consisted of a year at boarding school in town. Soon after her marriage to "Jim" Mallory she set up housekeeping and kept one servant, which prodigality and elegance caused her to feel quite superior to her neighbors.

Martha Greene was a devoted wife, and usually thought the work she now called "drudgery" the most delightful thing in the world—for she enjoyed making a happy home for Caleb, whom she had married two years previous. Of late a spirit of discontent had gradually crept upon her, and its power was more apparent after each visit from Mrs. Mallory.

Martha was passionately fond of flowers. When the flower show was held the year before in the adjacent city she was too ill to visit it, but now there was no really good reason why she should not go. As the busy season for the farmers had come, when she asked Caleb to drive her to town he did not see how he could leave his work for even a day.

"He might go if he only thought so. I wonder how he would feel to come home some day and not find me here to wait on him. Perhaps he might realize then that I need a little amusement once in awhile, after working from morning till night. I believe I'll try it. I'd like to feel at liberty to do just as I please for one day!"

So, while musing on her troubles, Martha prepared the noonday meal for Caleb and the farm hands; for, however much she thought herself deprived of enjoyment, she was too good a housekeeper and homemaker to leave Caleb to provide his own dinner. She prepared everything with care, ready to be placed upon the table. But it seemed as if fate was to be against her that morning. The stove was hard to manage—her doughnuts too brown and the biscuit were not as light as usual—and just as she was getting ready to dress herself, old Mrs. Porter called, prepared, as usual, to rehearse her "tale of woe" to any sympathizing listener.

Hastily giving her a cup of tea and telling her she was very busy, Martha left the poor woman to wonder what had come over Mrs. Greene—"she who was allers so good to a body!"

On her way to the station to catch the noon train for the city she avoided the public highway and took a path less frequented, for even in her reckless, independent mood, she did not wish her neighbors to notice that she was going without her husband.

Since their marriage Caleb had always driven her to town, which was only ten miles distant, and while she did her shopping he would wait at the Travelers' inn talking over farm matters with kindred spirits; then what a cozy drive homeward they had together. In summer through the gathering twilight, or in winter with the full moon shining on the snow—they were full of happiness, and when they reached home, how proud she was to show him her purchases, in which he was always deeply interested.

The steam cars passed through the village to the city only three times each day, and as Martha took her seat in the rear car the bell at the factory was ringing the noon hour.

TRAWLING FOR CODFISH.

Fishermen Frequently Make Great Hauls on the Banks of Newfoundland.

In the herring fishery everything is done with the seine. In fishing for cod, halibut and hake hand lines are used to a limited extent, but most of the captures are made by trawls. All the craft are schooner rigged and but few of them carry forctopmasts. This gives them a slovenly appearance aloft, but they do away with the spar, because the craft rolls less in a sea when at anchor. There are no fine lines about the hulls. The object is room and stability, and, while they are good sea boats, they are not fast sailers. The owners of the craft find trawls, small boats, salt and provisions, and two trips a year are the average for the craft which salts her fish on board.

Out of the fleet a few take ice and return to market with fresh fish every two or three weeks, but the majority catch and salt down. The crew go on shares. When the craft returns the owners figure up the expense of the outfit and add to it half the value of the catch. What is left is divided pro rata among the crew. If the catch has been good each one of the 16 or 18 men will have made about $40 per month, but it is quite as likely that he won't have made a dollar a day, though he has had free board all the time, and good board, at that. Fishing on the banks at any time of the year is hard and disagreeable work.

Codfish are very erratic in their movements. A schooner may have fish around her for 30 days, one day being as good as another, or she may sail and drift for three or four days before getting a bite. If luck is with her, down goes the anchor, and the trawlers begin work. A trawl may be described as a rope many hundred feet long, to which, at intervals of 38 inches, fish-hooks are attached by lines about two feet long. There are 3,600 hooks to the average trawl, which is attended by two men. Each man has 1,500 hooks to bait and care for. The rope is weighted to sink to within a few feet of the bottom and is then buoyed. The trawl is generally set late in the afternoon and overhauled in the morning.

If luck is with the fishermen 500 cod may be taken from a trawl. They are a voracious fish and in seizing the bait firmly hook themselves. It often happens that the 3,000 hooks may be overhauled without securing more than 50 fish, but again the catch may be 2,500. The boats of the trawlers look something like an ordinary river skiff, but are very buoyant and easily handled. A schooner with 16 men aboard puts out four trawls and eight men. The rest are left aboard to work the craft and attend to the fish as they come in. —Lewiston Journal.

LADS UNDER ARMS IN CUBA.

The Poor Lads Have the Bearing of Soldiers.

A favorite disposition of the army by its enemies is to speak of it as composed of boys, but that shows ignorance of war. It is never safe to despise boys in any capacity least of all in armies.

On the battlefield of Shiloh it was remarked of the dead when they were gathered for burial—it was true of the boys in blue and gray alike—that hardly one in three was a bearded man. The boys, in the true sense of the word, were in the great majority. The Spanish lads under arms in Cuba are sturdy, swarthy fellows, well fitted and equipped for the field, and many of them with kindly, friendly, humorous faces, and they trudge along, well clothed and shod, with brown blankets rolled tightly and tied at the corners, swung over their shoulders; bags on their backs that seem lighter than knapsacks and equally serviceable, and their rifles and cartridges loading them heavily, but not more so than the Germans or French on a march. The boys of whom I speak were fairly drilled and, though just landed, had evidently been set up and put through their steps. They had the swing for a long tramp. As a rule the boys with the rifles were much younger than the officers, many of whom were stout.

The Spanish army is not one to be despised, and, however it may suffer from the ambuscades for which the tropical vegetation affords such eminent facilities, will make itself respected when it meets foes it cannot see. The boys cannot march as fast as raiders can ride and will suffer from the overwhelming rains and the deplorable roads and sicken and die in thousands, but owing to the better understanding of sanitary precautions, the loss from exposure will not be great as in former years. The marching to the front of the young men of Spain was a mournful spectacle. There are dark-eyed mothers, sisters and sweethearts thinking of them far away, who will wait and hope and pray for them and their safe return until the closing scenes, when the roll of the unreturning is unrolled. I wish to speak with respect of the Spanish boys—poor fellows—the sons of poor parents—who never make the wars they fight—and I have seen the great armies of Germany, France and America and many of the troops of Italy and England.—Murat Halstead, in Review of Reviews.

Brains and Obesity.

Most intellectual ladies are said to be stout. Take for instance the celebrated painter, Rosa Bonheur; the novelist, Charlotte M. Yonge; Empress Frederick, of Germany; Mme. Materna, the interpreter of Wagnerian operas; the dowager empress of China, and that empress of Abyssinia, Taitou by name, to whose sagacious counsels and commanding intellect are attributed all the successes recently achieved by her husband, Emperor Menelek, against the flower of the Italian army.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The fur of the arctic dog when properly prepared is quite equal to that of most other arctic animals. The skin of the dog is not supplied with pores, and, therefore, to "sweat a dog" is an impossibility.

MADRID'S PATRON SAINT.

Invoked Many a Time Before to Break a Drought.

Isidro, or Isidoro, the saint whose body, as told in the cable dispatches, was taken from its resting place and carried through the streets of Madrid a few days ago, is the patron saint of that city, and the appeal to his intercession for rain is no new thing there. It was natural to add an appeal to him to interfere for the suppression of the Cuban insurrection. The sight is described as having been an impressive one, when 800 priests and thousands of members of religious orders, each carrying a lighted taper in the hand, accompanied the saint's body as it was taken through the principal streets of that city.

Isidore was canonized for the devoutness of his life. He was born in Madrid about 1110. His parents were poor laborers whose piety had attracted the attention of their neighbors, and who reared their son to be a devout member of the church. He was named after the patron saint of Seville. The poor man's son had little schooling, but he grew up to be a model of Christian virtue, according to those who have written his life. He was a farm laborer, and his employer was a pious nobleman named Juan de Vargas. While exacting from Isidore a full portion of labor in return for his wages, De Vargas gave him full opportunity to continue his life of religious effort. Isidore, on the other hand, looked upon his labor as a punishment for his sins, visited upon him from Heaven. In order not to lose time, he attended mass before the day's work began each morning. During the hours he was at labor he found time to pray at frequent intervals. Most of his time was spent at the plow. The first miracle which is recorded concerning him happened one day while he was thus engaged.

A jealous fellow servant told de Vargas that Isidore was neglecting his duties, and sleeping when he should be at work. De Vargas secreted himself in a thicket which overlooked the fields where Isdore and many other servants were at work. As de Vargas watched them he saw that the furrows cut by Isidore's plow was deeper and straighter than those cut by and other plowman. Then he saw Isidore bow his head in prayer. At that an angel appeared from the sky and took the plow handles and drove the horses to the end of the furrow. This convinced de Vargas that Isidore was faithful, and he afterward admitted him to his full confidence. The story of the angel who helped Isidore plow spread through the country, and great was the fame of it.

Isidore married, it is recorded, a virtuous woman, Mary Toribir, and one child was born to them. It died in infancy, and after its death "they served God in perfect continuency." Isidore's wife died in 1175. Her immemorial veneration was approved by Pope Innocent XII. in 1697. Her head is preserved in the Chapel de la Cabeza.

Isidore himself had died on May 15, 1170. His body was first buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's church in Madrid. In 1210 it was exhumed and put in the bishop's chapel, where it now is. According to Butler, it remained "entire and fresh, honored by a succession of miracles down to the present day."

According to the same author one of the best authenticated of these miracles was the healing of King Philip III., whofell sick at Casambios del Monte, while returning from Madrid. The king's sickness was so serious that his physicians despaired of saving his life. As a last resort, a "solemn processsion" of ecclesiastical, civil and military dignitaries took the shrine of Isidore from Madrid and bore it to where the king lay. As the shrine was lifted from its resting place the king's fever left him, and as the shrine was brought nearer to him, he became better. When it was placed beside his bed, Philip was cured. The next year Isidore's body was placed in a new shrine of cunning design, which cost 1,600 ducats. The curing of the king added much to his reputation.

Isidore was canonized on March 12, 1622, on the same day as Ignatius Loyola, Philip Neri, Francis Xavier and Theresa. The event was made one of great rejoicing in Madrid. A poetical tournament was held in the saint's honor and it is still celebrated in the literary annals of Spain. Lope de Vega wrote two sacred dramas, or mystery plays, about the saint for the day of the canonization.

These were performed in the public square, in which a large stage was erected. Boxes were built around it for King Philip IV. and his court. In the first play Isidore's mother appeared, and delivered the prayers that preceded childbirth. The play closed with a festival following the birth of the child. The second drama opened with the marriage of Isidore. A touching scene showed them parting and resolving to devote their lives to the service of God. The climax of this play showed four angels hovering above Isidore and his wife. This was considered a wonderful mechanical feat. In the drama the story of the jealous servant was depicted. As it was arranged in the play, de Vegas saw Isidore in the field kissing the feet of Christ while the voices of angels were heard.

Many miracles have, according to tradition, been wrought by St. Isidore, and at his shrine. He is always invoked to break a prolonged drought, such as is now afflicting Spain, and he is especially the patron saint of the farmers.—N. Y. Sun.

Where the Worms All Come From.

The Hawaiians have a curious belief concerning the origin of worms. "In the beginning" there was but one worm and he lived in a mountain cave. Once he assumed the form of a man and made love to a young lady. The lady's former suitor followed the worm-man to his den and killed him, but from the creature's blood sprang all the worms which are now so destructive to vegetation.—St. Louis Republic.

PITH AND POINT.

—There is at least one good reason why men are glad they are not women; women have to behave so well.—Atchison Globe.

—"What is to fish?" he repeated. "Oh, you just sit and sit all day long." "And then?" "And then you lie."—Detroit Tribune.

—Effective Remedy. — "I've cured young Swellhead of taking his hat off the way he does when he bows." "How?" "I dropped a penny in it."—Detroit Free Press.

—His Worth.—Watts—"How much is Tedspat worth?" Potts—"Really, I don't know. I did hear that he brought $68.75 once when he was a delegate, but I don't think he was really worth it."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"A child," said the oracular young person, "can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." "There's one satisfaction," said the man of family, "he can't ask very many of 'em without getting sent to bed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Miss Jones (daughter of his employer)—"I don't believe, Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent." Mr. Cashier—"Oh, yes, he will after he has examined the books. He will want to keep the money in the family."—Texas Siftings.

—Judge—"Last time you were here you promised solemnly never to steal again." Burglar—"And I fully intended to keep my word, your honor, but this was such a difficult case that they had to call in an expert."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"But why did you refuse Prof. Cruebling, Miss Melanie? He is such an able and noted mathematician." "That's just the reason! He would always be mathematically demonstrating the errors of my milliner's bills."—Humoristische Blaetter.

—Inquiring Offspring — "Pa, what does this mean about 'giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name?'" Intelligent Papa—"Oh, something in connection with the apothecary shop, where they dispense sweetened wind at five cents a glass and cal' it soda!"—Boston Transcript.

COLORADO'S CLIFF RUINS.

A Great Future Field for the Explorer and Scientist.

The cliff ruins of the San Juan and the Mancos have been the center of attraction, have been viewed from all sides, and their wonders have been told and retold to the world time and time again. Scientific men have visited the region, have penetrated southwest Colorado, and have considered that section a place of especial interest, because the cliff and cave dwellings are probably the oldest in this strange land, being the first built in that mysterious journey southward of a great but unknown people. For 20 years the prospector has followed the San Juan river and gazed with careless unconcern upon the rough and broken walls, so full of interest to the archaeologist.

But the mind of the prospector has no room for curios, and he has no time for archaeological investigation. He sees only the glitter of the gold in the sand, and thinks only of the time when he shall have made his stake. In November, 1892, hundreds of gold hunters rushed madly into the canyon north of the Navajo mountain, traveled 300 miles over bleak, desert tablelands, suffered terribly from cold, hunger, and the long, wearisome journey. In a few days they had staked off all the available land for 50 miles up and down the river, and then returned home without having obtained so much as a color of gold, and to-day have nothing to show for it but the stakes.

It is one of the most wildly picturesque and beautiful regions in the world. The bleak old Navajo mountain rises abruptly and towers like a grim sentinel over the surrounding mesas, while in a canyon gorge, more than 3,000 feet below its base, the Rio San Juan appears like a silver thread. The canyon is several miles wide, and a descent can be made to the river only by a precipitous trail, but as the river approaches the great Colorado the canyon becomes more narrow and the wall more perpendicular, and when it merges into the grand canyon it is scarcely more than a deep, dark channel.

A few miles from the Colorado river, where the canyon is not more than 800 or 1,000 feet from wall to wall, and where the walls are perpendicular and smooth, on the right wall are the pictures of seven warriors with bows drawn to the last notch, while across the river on the opposite side are the pictures of seven antelope, apparently in full run to escape the hunters. These pictures are well executed and are in the most inaccessible places. Evidently the artist was lowered from a ledge, hundreds of feet above the picture, and held suspended while he performed his tedious task. There are many places in the mystic southwest where such paintings are to be found.—Denver Field and Farm.

New Use for a Ship's Compass.

An inventor proposes to utilize the compass of a ship to warn the navigators of the approach of danger. He has constructed a compass which is regulated by a chemical which will not be affected by the magnetic force on board the ship, but will be keenly sensitive to minute symptoms from any other magnetic influence exerted at a distance from the vessel up to possibly two miles. This compass when affected by the magnetism oscillates about an eighth of an inch, so the inventor asserts. When it is so affected the metal connections on the rim of the dial plate will close a circuit, causing bells to ring in the engine-room as well as in the pilot-house and on the bridge.—Detroit Free Press.

Be Somebody.

"Oh, everything goes against me! I've played the game out."

"Tut, tut, old man! Cheer up. Borrow some money and be somebody!"—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LITTLE MISSY SMALL-SIZE.

Little Missy Small-size, Loveland, her address,
Little Missy brown eyes, sent, our home to bless.
Face so full of sunshine, laugh so full of glee,
Cheeks so soft and rosy, all so fair to see.

Playing with her dolly, sitting in her chair,
Getting into mischief, flitting everywhere.
Wearying her mamma, causing her to chide,
Then caressing sweetly, baby sins to hide.

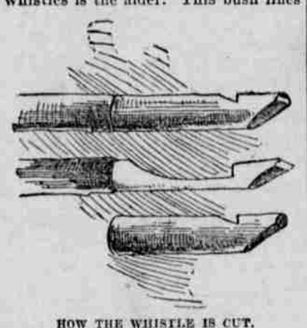
Little Missy Small-size, oh so full of play,
A hundred eyes are needed, to watch her, every day.
Little Missy brown eyes, sent from Heaven above
By a gracious Father, to dwell within our love.

—S. Newell Ballard, in Good Housekeeping.

WHISTLES FOR THE BOYS.

How Noise-Producers May Be Made from a Willow Twig.

This is the season when every boy may have a whistle, and one that will make noise enough to suit the most exacting youngster. The whistles may be made from a short slip cut from a willow tree or twig when the sap is working upward from the roots between the bark and wood of the tree. The season ends when the trees are in full leaf. In that period of a few weeks millions upon millions of whistles are made by the boys who live on farms and in villages from one end of the country to the other. In the New England states the favorite wood for whistles is the alder. This bush lines



HOW THE WHISTLE IS CUT.

the banks of every brook and pond, its wood is soft, its bark is smooth and free from knots and it draws a profusion of sap from the wet ground where it usually grows, which causes the bark to slip easily from the wood. In the middle and western states the willow and poplar are the favorite woods for whistles.

Whistles are made the same way everywhere. A smooth limb or sucker is selected and cut off. The mouth end is trimmed right, a notch is cut in the top for the escape of the breath, a ring is cut in the bark at the right distance from the end, and then the bark is moistened with saliva and the whistle is laid on the knee and pounded with the knife handle to loosen the bark from the wood. A twist of the bark pulls it off the wood and then a deep notch is cut out of the wood, the bark is put on and the whistle is finished.

Many a man's most pleasant memories are of the happy days he spent in boyhood in the creek bottoms making willow whistles.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

One Is a Good Fisherman and the Other a First-Class Trapper.

Something new about the bladder wort has been learned recently, according to the Fishing Gazette. The bladder wort is a small floating weed found in the fresh waters of the British islands, and until recently was regarded as an innocent bunch of vegetation; but now it is known that it is destructive to game fishes. "This subtle poacher is armed with almost microscopic jaws along its little branches," and the incautious little fish that rubs up against these gets grasped, and before long dies and is devoured by the plant.

A good many plants are known to subsist on flesh, and one of these, at least, lures its prey into a trap. Every visitor to the Adirondacks knows the hunter's pitcher; some remember it with pain. The pitcher is open at the top, and the rain keeps it half full of water. The thirsty insects see the water, and they go down into it and drink. Having had their fill, the flies try to climb out again, but no trap is surer than the hunter's pitcher. The inside of the pitcher is lined with short, stiff filaments, and the sharp points all incline down. The insect's feet catch in these, and after awhile it gets into the water and drowns.

The Adirondack woodsman likes a joke, and that is why the memory of these pitchers brings pain to the tenderfoot. The woodsman, acting as guide, goes tramping into the woods, leading the tenderfoot to some fishing waters. The trail, if on a hot day, is dry as a bone, and at each step the tenderfoot gets dryer and dryer, and begins to want to know how far it is to the next spring. They come to a swamp, and the tenderfoot feels sure there must be water thereabout, but the woodsman says there is not a bit. Then he picks up one of the numerous pitchers, puts it to his lips a moment, then throws it to the ground. Water flies out and the thirsty one sees it. He breaks one off and without examination takes a couple of big swallows. The woodsman shrieks: "Fly soup," and rolls over the moss bed of the swamp. The victim shrieks, too. And for years after the mention of hunter's pitchers makes him gag—it is two or three days before he cares for fish or food.

Mock Mummies.

It is about four years since 17 Egyptian mummies in the old museum of Berlin proved to be the bodies of fellows who, a short time ago, took their beer in the saloons of the capital of the empire of William II. It is now believed that there is not a museum in the world that has not been imposed upon by frauds of this kind.—Chicago Tribune.

MR. JUSTICE SKIPPIE.

How He Got the Baseball Mask He Had Coveted for a Long Time.

Most of the boys envied "Skippie" because his father owned the house he lived in, and back of it was a large yard. They all called him "Skippie" because his full name was Samuel Carl Ivers Partridge, and anyone will admit that S. C. I. P. is "Scip."

Skippie had deep red hair and freckles all over his jolly face. He was chunky and, if the truth must be told, rather lazy. But he could play baseball and had enough curves to puzzle any batsman. Put a baseball in Skippie's hand and his laziness vanished as rapidly as did the pumpkin pie when Skippie and his chum crawled through the pantry window.

Skippie hated the back yard that so much delighted the other boys. It had a small flower garden in it and plenty of good grass, with posts here and there for the clothesline. The coal shed was built up against the back fence, and the barn filled in the rest of the alley side of the yard. Skippie was expected to keep that back yard clean, cut the grass, weed the little flower garden and split the wood. His mother used up a heap of kindling wood, Skippie thought, and it seemed to him that he did nothing all day long but go to school, wash his face and split wood.

But there was one jolly thing about the back yard. It was the gathering place for the boys of the neighborhood, and once in awhile, when they wanted Skippie in a ball game, they pitched in and helped him split kindling wood.

One Saturday Billie Banks climbed over the woodshed and found Skippie sharpening a brand-new ax. He begged to be allowed to help. Skippie turned the ax over to him and sat down on a starch box to watch him. About the time that Billie had given the ax a sharp edge Tom Johnson appeared, and he wanted to sharpen the ax. Then Jack Young came along, and one boy after another held that new ax to the grindstone until it had been given a dozen different kinds of edges.

All this time Skippie was sitting on the starch box enjoying himself and thinking harder than he had ever thought before.

"I went to a justice court yesterday," said he, finally.

"Jiminie! I wish I had been with you," said Tom Johnson.

"So do I," cried Billie. "Did they send some man up for life?"

"No; the judge fined him five dollars and costs."

"Say," cried Tom Johnson, who had climbed a clothesline post, "let's play police and justice and have an arrest and run out the police patrol wagon. I'll go get my wagon," and he was off like a flash.

When he returned with his wagon he found Skippie sitting in a kitchen chair with a big box in front of him for a desk. Billie had turned his coat wrong side out and said he was to be a prisoner, Jack Young, Percy Pillows and Roger Martin had tied ropes around their waists in which were stuck clubs of wood. They were the policemen and the other boys were jailers, policemen and bailiffs and prisoners. Skippie had

"WHAT HAS HE DONE?"

been made justice of the peace because he had been to court, and when he said "go" the boys who were to be hunted by the police darted out into the alley through the barn and hid.

Soon the patrol wagon dashed out on a riot call sent in by a policeman who had caught Billie.

"What is your name?" said Justice Skipple.

"Billie Banks."

"What has he done?" asked the justice of the policeman who made the arrest.

"I told him to move on, and he wouldn't."

"Ten days at hard work in the bridewell," was the sentence. "Take him to the woodshed and make him split kindling wood until I say 'stop.'"

And Billie was soon splitting wood, while two policemen guarded him to see that he did not escape.

The next boy arrested was made to rake the grass in the back yard, and the next to weed the garden, and the next to split wood, and before the game was finished, Skippie had three weeks' supply of kindling wood neatly piled up in the woodshed; the yard had been cleaned three times; every weed in the flower garden was in the garbage box in the alley, and the gravel walk was as neat as a pin. And Skippie did not open his mouth when his mother said to his father that night: "Samuel has been very industrious to-day. I wish you would go out and look at that back yard; it is simply beautiful," and his father smiled and said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to get you that baseball mask next week."—Chicago Record.

How Grandpa Managed Her.

Bess is one of those astute juvenile autocrats who seem gifted with the power of knowing the secret and extent of their dominion over indulgent relatives. "Oh, no!" she was one day overheard to confide to another small girl, "Grandma can't make me mind, at all, but grandpa knows how to manage me." "How does he do it, Bess?" asked the interested male cousin, who had been eavesdropping in a corner of the piazza. "Why," replied Bess, gravely, "he waits until he sees what I'm going to do, and then he tells me to do it!"

A Canine Peculiarity.

Everyone has noticed the peculiar habit of all dogs in turning round several times before lying down. This idiosyncrasy is believed to be due to the habits of the wild animal, which found it necessary to turn round in weeds or grass several times in order to break them down for a bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Marylanders are "Craw-thumpers," a slang name for the lobster.